

BASEMENT

PACIFIC WEEKLY

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DO IT OR GET OUT OF THE WAY
AN EDITORIAL

GALLUP, NEW MEXICO
MIRIAM TOLLER

THOSE SOVIET EXECUTIONS
ANNA LOUISE STRONG

HOW BAD CALIFORNIA PAINTING CAN BE
RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

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PACIFIC WEEKLY CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

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NOTES AND COMMENT

Two of the anti-labor and anti-liberty bills, 107 and 108, voted on in the Assembly judiciary committee last Monday without discussion, were defeated. This was the culmination of months of serious and steady protests which had been sweeping the State's red-baiting assemblymen. It is a further heartening indication that many liberals and workers have awakened to the fascist danger threatening their freedom and that they have learned how to take action. The tables in the committee were piled high with hundreds of protest telegrams and letters, and hundreds of interested protestants jammed the hearing.

Eighteen professors from the University of California wired their protest against bills which would have made felons of them for teaching some economics or for having books by Marx, Lenin, Engels, or other philosophers, thinkers and leaders, on their bookshelves. President Sproul who first wired that these professors showed poor judgment changed his view a day or two later and not only came to the support of his educators but opposed the bills himself. Thirty-five assemblymen sent their congratulations to the teachers who had the backbone to stand up for real American principles and thumb their noses (if a professor can do anything so undignified) at the red-baiting assemblymen and their legionnaire friends.

Bill 106 was sent to the assembly with a "do pass" recommendation. This bill provides that any teacher who is said to have been teaching Communism may be fired immediately. It also forbids hiring of school buildings by the Communist party. Since the decision as to whether it was Communism which has been taught is likely to be in the hands of people who have sedulously censored Communist reading matter prohibited "red" meetings and speeches, and helped turn Communist books out of the libraries, so that they can have little means of knowing what it is, the law will most probably be abused and used against any teacher not willing to support the status quo, whatever misery and hardship, wars and wretchedness it engenders.

WORKERS' protests and a short strike also brought about the removal of Paul A. Davis, SERA director in San Francisco, who had for months been conducting an anti-red campaign in the SERA and cutting unemployed off relief. Charges of gross corruption have been brought against Mr. Davis, it being said that he sold to private lumber companies the wood designed for the shivering unemployed on relief.

PROBABLY the best equipped police arsenal in the country. "There are more than 1800 weapons of various types on the gun racks ready for immediate use."

"And there is sufficient ammunition on hand."

"New riot guns were recently delivered to the department."

"Atop the Hall of Justice after weeks of planning the Police Department's arsenal went into service yesterday (April 24)."

"Police of San Francisco are ready for any emergency."

These edifying sentences, so full of sweetness and light, so replete with the very essence of peace and goodwill, are taken from the San Francisco Chronicle of April 25, that good old champion of that good old contingent of our humanity to which force and violence are anathema.

The "police of San Francisco are ready", ready as hell, one might say, to blow the brains out of six or seven unemployed human beings, or a dozen or so underpaid workers, who have the carelessness to pool their protests and make a fuss about things as they are. Experience has taught us that it won't require much more than a broken window, perhaps broken by a policeman, to unleash that "best equipped police arsenal in the country". And the police records will show that every single one of the dead bodies is that of a vermilion Communist with a personal letter of encouragement from Mr. Stalin in his pocket.

FIVE of six students dismissed from schools and colleges in Los Angeles for participation in the anti-war strike of April 12 have been re-instated. The answer of the students of the Pacific Coast to the assaults of the Red Squad on two of their number, and the unheard-of size of the present war preparations, has been the formation of the Western Student Federation, about which one of its founders writes as follows:

"The stand taken by the vast majority of school and college administrators against the student anti-war strike was significant—and not without reactions. It convinced a great number of students and outside observers of what they had formerly only supposed.

"A school teacher was stimulated to write to the San Francisco News that inasmuch as the University of California board of regents contained several of the most wealthy men in the state, then if they have taken this position, they give convincing color to the claim that entrenched wealth advocates war and profits from it.

"Meanwhile leaders of the student movement, fortified by this very opposition, set about to survey the battlefield and consolidate gains. They found that among their obstacles to higher effectiveness had been local bickering and lack of central authority for the western area.

"Thus it was that on Easter Sunday some dozen students from Bay institutions met at Stanford to discuss the formation of a Western Student Federation. After exchanging reports

on their respective campuses, they drew up a constitution providing for the following:

"1. A committee on each campus composed of representatives from each student organization that is willing to co-operate;

"2. A central executive committee, to meet every two weeks, and composed of delegates from each committee.

"Since the area embraced by the federation is tentatively set to include north to Seattle, south to San Diego, and east to Utah, it is not expected that a fully represented central committee could convene except on major issues.

"It is doubtless no coincidence that at this very same time the formidable Pacific Maritime Federation is being organized in Seattle. At any given stage in the decay of finance capitalism there is a corresponding stage of organization in the opposition; so parallel movements do not surprise us. The 'stage' here corresponds also to the colony stage in biological evolution. First is the one-celled organism, then the colony, then the many-celled. So also first the unit, then the federation."

FOR twenty years proposals that the American Federation of Labor build a labor party have been introduced in A. F. of L. conventions, and they have been consistently turned down. The theory of the leaders of the A. F. of L. has been that labor can't elect its own candidates to office, but that it can, by throwing its support to one or another of the candidates of the old parties, prevent the election of anti-labor men. So, it seems, it can—just as it prevented the election of Merriam last November. Now the Communists are proposing and backing a broad labor party in which all trade-unionists workers generally, newspapermen, school teachers—the masses of wage earners—can unite; and if the 1936 campaign continues to develop as it now seems to be developing—if Huey Long, that is, continues to split the Solid South, Roosevelt to lose popularity, the Republicans to back another doomed candidate—there is a possibility of such a party getting established and electing some of its candidates to office. The history of the European and English labor parties is superficially discouraging—the leaders of the English labor party and of the German Social Democratic party began by urging Labor to be patient in demanding its share, by being conscious of the needs of the employers, and they ended by being conscious of nothing else—but the Communists are the only people who refuse to be intimidated by history: Very well, they say, we know what has happened in Germany and England, and we needn't let it happen here.

DO IT OR GET OUT OF THE WAY

AN EDITORIAL BY ROBERT WHITAKER

THE WORLD situation at the present hour is such as ought to stir to action any man or woman who is fit to be above ground. The contradictions which confront us in the field of so-called civilization are of an area and character which admit of no explanation that conforms to confidence in social sanity. These three outstanding contrasts which I am about to outline and which I have given in public address again and again the past two years, without any attempt of

anyone at rebuttal, are sufficient in themselves to make one wonder whether Bernard Shaw's published conjecture as to whether our world is not the insane asylum of the universe has not more than sardonic humor in it. Yet so far as the public management of national affairs goes, either in our nation, or in the nations of Christendom in general, is concerned, nothing has been done since the vast madness of the World War to indicate any abatement of our intellectual and moral bankruptcy at the point of public affairs. Nothing, let us say, except at the one supremely challenging point of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, where revolutionary reconstruction is being carried on against the criticism of all the nations which are still wallowing in the social Slough of Despond. Is it not time that we turned our attention to the analysis of our own status, instead of engaging in wholesale falsehood and malicious misrepresentation of the program of Communism, yet in its initial stages, and that we admitted our obligation to either effectively rebuild our own broken-down economic regime, or get out of the way of those who have a realistic program to present?

By way of analysis, therefore, and with particular reference to the status of the United States of America, let me summarize the mad mess in which "Christian civilization", "democracy", "individual initiative", "civil liberties", and all the rest of our vaunted vaporings appear when put over against the facts.

First of all, then, *Never in all the experience of mankind has there been such wealth, and such capacity to create more wealth, side by side with such a body of unemployment of those who are willing and competent, with all the consequent miseries beyond computation, as prevails in the major capitalist nations of the world today.*

All this is particularly true of our own United States, where the volume of unemployment for years now has equalled or exceeded the total number of the unemployed in all the rest of the leading capitalist countries of the world. Moreover capitalists themselves make no bones of admitting it in their own published statements. Two statements which have recently come to my hand will suffice. In one of these, a Community Chest appeal, put forth by a leading American city, the statement is made: "Remember that one in four of all the families in our city need your help." The other statement is more damning yet. It is in a letter sent to me under the caption of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and devoted to a "refutation" of charges against the capitalist order. Answering the accusation that capitalists habitually make too large profits this confession is advanced, that *out of all American business ventures ninety-five of every hundred fail.* And this is capitalism, in the most "prosperous capitalist country in the world", habitually 95% bankrupt in ordinary times. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Here is the second contrast in our social status: *never in all the experience of humanity has there been such desire for world peace and such reasoning on behalf of international concord, side by side with such a vast volume of expenditure for the most diabolical program of mass murder throughout the whole area of capitalist civilization.*

We have peace talk without end, on higher levels of rationalization and moralization than ever before, and the United States, securest of all nations, is leading the world, in an insanity of preparedness for mass slaughter, scientifically studied and technically managed beyond anything the ancients knew or dreamed. It would be incredible if it were not the fact.

Finally, in this threefold epitome of public insanity within

the capitalist order, never in the whole period of civilization has there been such widespread fear, within the nations, and between the nations, side by side with such resort for the crushing by force of domestic insurrection, and foreign competition in disbursing the necessities of life?

It is not peace talk which is keeping us out of a world-wide conflagration in the international field at this moment; nor even the boasted "preparedness" of this or that nation, so much as it is these two facts; that no capitalist nation dare trust an alliance with any other capitalist nation, however solemnly sworn; and, that no capitalist nation dare put arms in the hands of its own people on a scale adequate for foreign war for fear of arming insurrection at home. Repression and rebellion, side by side, are the concomitants of capitalism everywhere.

The Communists have a program for liquidating these social insanities. Whether it is an adequate program is not the issue here. It is the only program which is so unanimously feared by the capitalist world that all the nations would like nothing better than to be able to trust each other long enough to be able by united action to wipe out the Soviet Republic.

But the issue for us is, What are WE going to do about it? The cure is not in the criticising of Communism; in drawing our skirts about us, as Christians, as intellectuals, as moralists, as the proud, self-complacent "muddle-class", to quote my own description of the class I was brought up to believe was the salvation of the world, refusing to have anything to do with any or all organizations which have Communists in them.

This is cant, and this is social bankruptcy, unless we do a vast deal more, which as yet we have given no evidence whatever of being able even so much as really begin to do.

"After all, dad," said a young college woman, daughter of a foremost New England Methodist minister, himself of more than ordinary standing in the areas of progressive social thought; "why should we who are of my generation take your generation, or anything you have to say on social lines, seriously? Look at the world mess you have thrust upon us. You gave us the World War, with all its madness and misery. You have given us the World Depression, worse than the World War in many respects. You are giving us now preparation for a worse world debacle by far. What have we to do with anything you have to say?"

What, indeed? Come now, you of the "mature" genera-

tions, and look at your "maturings". Look at them! Then look for some sack-cloth and ashes with which to hide your shame, and close your mouths. Do something, something far more radical than you have ever done, or else SHUT UP. Let the Communists alone until your own insolvency has approached a ten-cents-on-the-dollar liquidation. What is all your "Anti-red" propaganda but sheer hypocrisy, and worse? Give us a decent world, and that right quickly, or else get out of the way of those who are going to make a real try at it if to do it they have to brush you ungenially aside. Do it, or get out of the way.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

NOT ONLY religion, as Brisbane says, the introduction of any conviction into politics is disturbing. It hurts business, which should be the sole issue in the great game and the reason is that you can always reduce a business issue to dollars and cents and split it up into a fair compromise. You can't do that to religion which is all or nothing, like Communism, and democracy.

THAT HOWARD McDermott-Harton murder suicide story in Los Angeles shows that we have enough "queer" men now to form a Nazi-Fascist anti-Communist regime any day.

ONE HANDICAP I suffer periodically as a writer: I may not praise whom I would. Free to roast, it is dangerous to applaud. Nit-wits who go by signs would infer from a eulogy by me my hero was a Communist. The nit-wits don't know what a Communist is, they mean by the term only that the suspect must have some intelligence above the average, above them. And that, I must confess, anybody I approve in print, is likely to be guilty of. And that is what they hate; intelligence above their average. And so when I wish to name some of the outstanding teachers in Carmel, for example, I don't dare. I couldn't name with praise a governor, mayor or supervisor without hurting him. Nor could I denounce—I don't want to but I could not point a finger at a trigger without making patriots exclaim "ha-ha, a patriot". But that wouldn't be so bad because patriots and traitors are, as a matter of practice, pretty much the same thing. This country has always been undermined by its leading citizens.

PATRIOTISM—REAL patriotism—loyalty to American ideals is one of the rarest, most difficult virtues in our civilization. Patriotism forbids bribery, for example, and graft, and corruption and combination against our welfare. It calls for courage, free speech, independence and things like that which, as you know, we ain't got 'em.

THE COMMONWEALTH CLUB of San Francisco is a model American example of practical patriotism and citizenship. They will listen to practically anybody on any side of any vital question, right, wrong or middling. And it does not seem to destroy the Club. Indeed, it doesn't seem to do a thing to them. I have spoken there several times and the foundations of our civilization, and of the Club itself, remain intact. Last week the Club listened to the Contra Costa Farmers' Association president, exposing the Valley strikers and the Communist agitators who got the farm laborers to try for increased consumptive power. Not many associations of edu-

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cated American citizens could have done such terrible things as the Commonwealth Club does every week or so. The San Francisco Center of the League of Women Voters couldn't trust themselves to hear anything they didn't already believe. No weak sheep would venture upon such old-fashioned patriotism as free speech. We must not judge them because we do not know them as they know one another, and if they can't trust one another we must accept that. The Commonwealth Club, on the other hand, seems to have guessed or discovered by experience that no free words and no true thoughts can yank the American out of his habits, customs and businesses. Why can't more Americans trust themselves, as for example I and thee and the officers of the Commonwealth Club trust the members of that Club? We are trustworthy and Philip F. Bancroft and I and any orator who has started knows that nothing but a Revolution can jar an American loose from anything he learned in the Little Red School-house and big yellow colleges that got him first.

BY THE WAY, Mr. Philip F. Bancroft, the orator of last week, told the Commonwealth Club that the Hearst papers were all right in that Valley vegetable strike. He went out of his way to single them out for his distinguished approval. And I say also that the Hearst papers were right, more and more right on everything. But I doubt if the Club members can be persuaded of that. They read the Hearst papers and in a Club where one is accustomed to hear such contradictory evidence on every subject the poor commonwealers must have learned to judge everything by themselves.

ADOLPH S. OCHS, late editor of the New York Times, was a disappearing sort of a careful, powerful editor who could make a serene paper. He never seemed to agitate; he didn't have to. He was a conservative and he made a conservative paper. But he knew the Times was a daily and when it was wrong could be corrected tomorrow or the day after or next week or next year. With that idea in the back of his head he did not have to correct, only to avoid a policy that was wrong yesterday. He came to New York from the provinces; to the Times from a country paper and I saw him make it, mutely. The name of the Times influenced him, apparently;

the London Times was his model in tone. He made it a judge and a decider, not a debater. He thought, he doubted, he invited debate and not only by his editorial staff but by all sorts of odd outsiders. I know of men he used to call in to conference. But he printed only facts and conclusions. No fuss and no fury; he knew worries, especially at first, but they were not put in type as you see other editors do. No doubt disturbed the readers of the serene New York Times. I remember when Walter Lippmann showed, by a scholarly assemblage of misstatements and misjudgments, that the Times also, even the Times was prejudiced against and falsified our pictures of Soviet Russia. Ochs—not necessarily the editors, Mr. Ochs himself read that sober summary and was shown and convinced. Nothing was said, but from that time on the reporting of Russia was gradually made so good in the Times that the reds have had to read it for both news and views.

A great editor, Ochs, probably the greatest in our day, conservative, of course, but not reactionary. He had some of the wisdom the conservatives lack and need. Now that he has gone a great liberal deterrent of revolution is removed.

THE STOCKTON striker, Ray Morency, who was shot by Charles Gray, the son of an employer, was not armed. Gray was; he got a police permit at the start of the strike. His plea is self-defense. It's hard for some of us to believe that the workers will go unarmed into a strike with cops, bosses, vigilantes and everybody on the other side heeled to the teeth. And that isn't as hard to believe as it is that capital and its government stands for violence. Not labor. Reminds me of my good old days as a muck-raker when the parties to bribery and corruption were the good citizens; not the bribers. The bribers were members of churches and Chambers of Commerce.

To save our civilization our schools must teach such stuff to all the children and keep them as blind as our leading citizens are, our committee of a hundred, and our ideal school trustees. Don't let them see or the next generation will not submit to the bunk which we swallow as virtue. Some day, of course, the organizations of labor will let the workers arm too for a strike and shoot in self-defense. That's human nature, you know.



GALLUP, NEW MEXICO

BY MIRIAM TOLLER

JUDGE M. A. OTERO, JR., is a pleasant-looking, neat, round-faced little man. When he leans back in his chair, the round bald top of his head is visible over the edge of his high bench. That bench stands in the district courtroom in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Here are held the preliminary hearings on the two charges of murder and aiding a prisoner to escape against forty-eight workers of Gallup, New Mexico.

Gallup is a tough mining town where two years ago the National Guard held a reign of terror against the striking miners. Gallup is near the western border of New Mexico. But Judge Otero's court is in Santa Fe, a charming city two hun-

dred and thirty safe miles east of Gallup. And Judge "Mike" Otero is a nice man with many friends; and a great many of the two hundred or more men and women who crowd into the courtroom feel confident that "justice" will be done. As the prosecution produces its evidence, their confidence rises.

For that evidence is contradictory, confusing, inconclusive.

On April 4, 1935, there was a "riot" in Gallup. As a result, three men are dead—Sheriff Carmichael and two unemployed miners, Esquibel and Velarde. Seven men and women were wounded, by bullets; hundreds of homes were entered and searched, many without a search warrant, fifty of them on an identical warrant stating that the gun which killed Sheriff

Carmichael was simultaneously in each and every one of the fifty houses; six hundred and one men, women and children were cross-examined, hundreds of them crowded into jail without charges and some of them held for as long as forty-eight hours; ninety-one were held for deportation proceedings; and finally, fifty-three men and women were arrested, charged with murder and assisting a prisoner to escape. Of these fifty-three, one, Esquibel, is now dead; four were dismissed (into the arms of the immigration authorities) before the hearing; three are in the hospital, too sick to appear.

So forty-five men and women, one a Negro, sit in Judge Otero's court to hear what evidence the State has that it was they who killed Sheriff M. R. Carmichael, that it was they who assisted a prisoner to escape; that it was they, rather than the other half of the crowd present at the riot, who are guilty of these crimes. A New Mexican law, passed in the 1850's, making anyone present in a crowd when a felony is committed equally guilty with the actual perpetrator, provides the legal basis for these proceedings.

Sheriff D. W. Roberts, the most active participant in the riot, the admitted murderer of Esquibel and Velarde, is the chief witness for the State. He sits under the judge's bench, throughout the ten-day hearings, facing the defense attorneys: Wheaton Augur of Santa Fe; A. L. Wirin of Los Angeles for the Civil Liberties Union; Clarence Lynch of Arizona and David Levinson of Philadelphia for the International Labor Defense. Roberts must also look into the dark watchful faces of the Spanish-American workers who crowd the courtroom. He testifies that he recognizes ten of the defendants as members of the crowd present when Carmichael fell with two bullet wounds. Every law officer who testified, from whatever angle he witnessed the scene, identified these particular ten. Twenty-seven in all were so identified. Testimony of deputy Sheriff Hoy Boggess—given when drunk—was thrown out by the court because some of those he identified as present at the riot were proved to be working underground in the mines at the time. The ten so repeatedly identified were outstanding leaders in the militant workers' organizations of Gallup.

Sheriff Roberts' testimony produces this story: As he and Sheriff Carmichael were taking the prisoner Exiquio Navarro out the back door of Justice of the Peace W. M. Bickel's court, they had to walk through a crowd of people, standing in a semi-circle. They had got fifty feet away from the door with their prisoner when two shots suddenly killed Carmichael. Roberts turned to see Esquibel and Velarde, twenty feet away and some distance ahead of the crowd about the door, pointing pistols at him. With great presence of mind, Sheriff Roberts drew his gun and shot—Velarde fell dead, Esquibel fell mortally wounded with a bullet in his back. Then Sheriff Roberts emptied his gun into the crowd. When the bullets gave out he looked around for his prisoner, Navarro. He was gone! Also gone were the pistols which he saw in the hands of the men he had shot down.

By mistake, one of the prosecution witnesses, a woman who looked down on the scene from a roof, mentioned three tear gas bombs thrown into the crowd before a single shot had been fired. No officer of the law who testified made such an error—until the defense cross-examined. It spoiled the picture a little and besides the wind was in the wrong direction.

But who is Navarro, why was he a prisoner, and what made a crowd variously estimated at from fifty to two hundred and fifty gather on April 4 at Bickel's court? The complete story leads back into many ramifications, only distorted scraps of

which were allowed at the preliminary hearing in Judge Otero's court. Very briefly the tale runs as follows:

The Gallup American Coal Co. (Gamerco) several years ago brought in workers from old Mexico. Land owned by Gamerco was leased to these workers, on which they built their own homes. After the strike of 1933, all these "alien" workers were blacklisted, which meant no more income for them, and, what was worse, no more income from this land for Gamerco. One year ago the no longer fruitful property was turned over to Senator Clarence Vogel (once convicted of shielding, as State Senator, the vice and gambling racket of Gallup). Eviction proceedings began in the fall of 1934 but were appealed. The workers getting no help from the courts, tried to save their homes in the only way possible to them—through organization. On April 1, 1935, Victor Campos, who lived in a house built by Navarro, was put out on the street with all his possessions. The organized workers, the same day, without police interference, put everything back. Navarro, because of his superior education and his ability, was recognized and loved as a leader of these persecuted Mexican workers. He did not arrive on the scene this day until after the house had been opened and the furniture put back. But Senator Vogel, present to take down the names of those active in aiding the evicted family, filed complaints against Navarro and one Jennie Lovato, and the evicted Campos. They were arrested and charged with house-breaking. The workers elected a committee to protest these arrests to the Mayor (who went into hiding). The committee was told by Sheriff Carmichael, "This time you people are not going to get away with anything."

When the "public", on April 4, arrived to attend the public hearing on this case, Justice of the Peace Bickel would not let them into the courtroom. When Navarro, inside, refused to plead guilty, he was, according to best reports, choked and beaten, then granted a postponement until he could get a lawyer. The people lawfully gathered in front of the building to which they were unlawfully denied admittance suddenly realized that Navarro was being taken out—it seemed to them, sneaked out—the back door. They also saw that Navarro was once more being beaten so viciously by Sheriffs Roberts and Carmichael that he could hardly stand, and they advanced to protest. Without warning gas bombs exploded among them.

And so began the renewed terror against the organized working class of Gallup. And against this background of planned provocation and murder, a crude frame-up of dispossessed workers is being attempted by smashing the workers' organizations for the benefit of Gamerco.

While Attorney General Frank Patton and Assistant Attorney General J. R. Modrall are trying to erect the flimsy, badly-jointed scaffolding to prop their case, Judge Otero leans back in his chair, at ease. David Levinson, International Labor Defense attorney, interrupts the droning voice of Mr. Modrall as he cites legal decisions supposedly corroborating the State in this case. "There were three niggers . . ." "May I ask that the attorney for the prosecution use the correct word, Negro. I protest the use of the insulting, degrading term nigger." Judge Otero soothingly explains that Mr. Modrall is from the South and merely has a southern accent. "No insult intended," says Mr. Modrall. Up jumps Attorney General Patton, shakes his fist at Levinson and then in Judge Otero's face. "I won't have counsel for defense interrupting us all the time. We're doing everything we can to keep our tempers, we've done our best, but I won't stand for

these interruptions," he screams. "Now, now, keep your shirt on," says Judge Otero, smiling his Mona Lisa smile.

These preliminary hearings began on Tuesday, April 16. The defendants were brought every day from the State Penitentiary where they have been kept since their arrest, for "protection", in the death house. On the afternoon of Tuesday, April 23, Judge Otero announced that the next morning at 10:30, he would give the decision, "no matter how long the counsel for defense bumbles on". David Levinson, when this was said, had still to give the summing-up for the defense!

The next morning, April 24, the courtroom was packed solid. Those who couldn't wedge in stood near the door among the state police and certain men not in uniform. At 10:20 David Levinson finished summation of the defense case, having asked dismissal of all charges against all prisoners. Judge Otero called the interpreter to stand by the bench. "If I were counsel for the defense I would welcome a trial by jury of these charges. . . The prosecution did not present all of its evidence. The defense presented no evidence. Therefore—" He spread his hands deprecatingly. He read from a paper the names of four to be held for trial on the two charges of murder and aiding a prisoner to escape. "No bond set." Then the

names of six to be tried for the same two charges. Bail set at \$7,500 each. (These ten are the outstanding leaders of the working class of Gallup. They are—all but one—the ten so unanimously identified by all the sheriffs.) Four more, one man and three women, are to be tried on the second charge only, with bail set at \$1,000 for the man and \$500 for the women. Thirty-one cases were dismissed.

The prisoners leave the courtroom, under police escort. Their dismissed comrades, also escorted by the police, are taken back to the penitentiary—"not as prisoners, but as guests for lunch"—where several are immediately taken into custody by the immigration authorities.

But that very nice, fair, liberal man, "Mike" Otero—what's become of him? Where is he? In his place sits Judge Otero, relaxing, after winning his spurs. That afternoon his photograph is on the front page of the Santa Fe *New Mexican* between the photographs of State Attorney General Frank Patton and Clyde Tingley, the Democratic Governor of New Mexico, who, though he was in Gallup the day before the riot disclaimed all knowledge of and responsibility for those events and their sequel.



EVERYONE STILL ASKS ABOUT THOSE EXECUTIONS

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

AS I MAKE my annual lecture tour across the United States, speaking about the Soviet Union, one question this year over-shadows all others asked by my audiences. "Why did the Soviet Union execute over one hundred people in revenge for the assassination of one man, Kiroff?"

The answer, of course, is that they didn't. But they certainly handled their publicity badly. I am reminded of the remark made to me last November by one of Moscow's most prominent Communists. "Our people's mentality is changing so rapidly that it becomes increasingly difficult for us to talk to the rest of the world." He referred to the change in psychology made by joint ownership of the means of production, but his words have also a more tragic meaning. In this case they expressed themselves badly to the liberals of the world.

The cable correspondents not unnaturally put all terrorist cases into a single story and they were thus headlined in the foreign press. The Soviet protagonists showed only indiscriminating ire towards anyone who ventured to "defend murder gangs", thus leading foreign liberals to assume that they were approving execution of "mere political opponents". One regrets that Walter Duranty was absent from Moscow during this period. His shrewd political sense of both worlds would, I think, have found and sent the facts most relevant for the understanding of the affair abroad sooner than the rest of us were able to put them together from the unanalyzed

dispatches we got.

These facts have gradually trickled, unheadlined, into the press. But they have not been assembled and there has been lacking not only the facts, but the background. Hence the question of "wholesale massacre for Kiroff" is still widespread among sincere friends of the Soviets and deserves an answer. The relevant facts and background seem to me as follows.

For two years the Soviet press has carried occasional dispatches, in reserved words and with statistics, giving numbers of station-masters, telegraphers, teachers and ordinary Soviet citizens who have been "kidnapped, tortured and murdered" along the China Eastern Railway by gangs designated variously as "bandit", "terrorist", "whiteguard". Soviet public opinion has grown restive under these murders which in a single year totalled, with kidnappings, more than a thousand, and which they regard, not without reason, as committed by Russian whiteguards, "political murder-gangs" under shelter of the Japanese. Diplomatic protests have been the only recourse and have led to nothing.

For more than a year similar murders, less in number, have occurred also on the western border, committed by gangs which run the frontier from Poland. Russian "fascist" journals abroad have bragged of these exploits of "our brothers" and have called for greater daring in the assassination of Stalin, Kiroff and other Soviet leaders. Since Hitler's accession to power, the Paris *Temps* states that the "Brotherhood of Truth", whose announced purpose is the assassination of So-

viet leaders, has changed the location of its headquarters and is now heard of from both Harbin and Berlin.

A few of many "murder boasts" may be quoted. I take them from the more accessible *Russian Fascist*, published in Putnam, Conn. which draws its material from similar papers abroad such as *Novoye Slovo* in Berlin and *For Russia* in Belgrade.

Brotherhood Troika No. 5, (detachment of Ataman Rukavoi) conducted during the summer special operations on the river Pripeti. Seven barges with Soviet government freight were sunk. The workers who were not party members were put ashore. Nine Communists were drowned. (January, 1934, number, page 9.)

MURDER OF A BOLSHEVIK. Lemek, an eighteen-year-old student, arrived in Lvov under orders of the Ukrainian terrorist organization to kill the Soviet consul. Through an unfortunate mistake he only killed the consul's secretary. The youth has been arrested. (Same number, page 15.)

Other issues glorify "Brotherhood Troika No. 6" which "made a sudden attack on the railway station Ossopovich and blew up the gasoline tanks which supplied the adjoining state farm. In the exchange of shots with the red guards, two brothers were killed". Other numbers allude regretfully to the fact that the "red authorities in Minsk" have broken up the terrorist center of Kacharov which was "killing communists wherever they happen to be".

"Already there are real results," boasted the *Berlin For Russia* of last November, adding: "The best among us are coming to you and are perishing . . . but their (Soviet workers) destruction is our only concern. It is necessary to put an end to Kiroff of Leningrad." Yet still the situation was taken by the Soviets as one of loud talk and rash acts of a few adventurers, to be handled by border guards and without undue publicity, lest peace be imperilled along the western border.

But then—Kiroff was killed, Kiroff, of whom my non-party friends write me: "The dynamo of our town, the life and soul of Leningrad. . . and we let the enemy get him in Smolny, the very heart of the party . . . A shame too great to be believed!" No one abroad can grasp the popularity of Kiroff, the laughing man who said: "We Bolsheviks are the happiest people in the world."

I saw workers who poured into the streets for Kiroff's funeral. Their words were few. "Why? How? We have been too careless." I know of the factories, parks and towns that petitioned to have their names changed to "Kiroff"; of workers' brigades that rushed turbines of locomotives to completion and labelled them "Our Answer to the Assassins". Thousands of election meetings passed amid grim nods the resolution: "Deal mercilessly with murder gangs".

I remember that zero day in Red Square, with foreign diplomats and correspondents leaving early, half-frozen, and with Stalin marching with bare hand uplifted to carry the urn of ashes, unconscious of the bitter cold. Not for eleven years had I seen that mood in a Moscow demonstration. It was not the mood that attended Lenin's funeral—deep sadness. It was the mood that swept into Moscow streets eleven years ago when the Curzon ultimatum threatening war synchronized with the assassination of Vorovsky, the Soviet ambassador. "The enemy is on the march; stiffen ranks to meet him."

The Supreme Court was ordered to make an immediate review of all terrorist cases and try them "without appeal"

and by court martial. Since the decision of any lower court might be appealed, this meant that the Supreme Court must try the cases directly. A military collegium of the Supreme Court, consisting of V. V. Ulrich and two others, forthwith began its travels from city to city, to review all pending cases against terrorist gangs.

They found such a case in Minsk (see above the gang which the whiteguard press abroad admitted had been broken up by the "red authorities"). After some days for review of evidence, the Supreme Court's Military Collegium reported: "Twelve whiteguards who entered the USSR illegally via Poland, armed with revolvers and hand grenades, and who organized and carried out a number of terrorist acts (i.e. assaults and murders for political ends) against workers of the Soviet Power" have been reviewed. Nine were convicted and executed; three are held for further investigation.

There followed a case in Ukraine. Thirty-seven men "who came mostly via Poland but some via Roumania and had hand grenades and revolvers on them were arrested." Of these twenty-eight were executed; nine held for further investigation. To the average Soviet citizen this was no "cold-blooded slaughter of political opponents", as the foreign press described it. The Soviet citizen said: "At last we mean business with these murder gangs along the frontier," and took it for granted that to avoid diplomatic complications one should ask for no further details.

Details, however, were forthcoming when the Supreme Court came at last to the Kiroff case, which it had reached only at the end of December after three weeks review of other cases in other cities. The Kiroff case, briefly involved fourteen men, a "Leningrad terrorist center", made up of persons who had formerly been cleaned out of the Communist party and many of whom had secured reinstatement by professing loyalty. They were accused of being an underground counter-revolutionary group which in 1933-34 had "turned to terrorist methods and to direct reliance on armed intervention from foreign states", of having plotted the murder of Stalin and Kiroff, of having carried through the murder of Kiroff, and of having formed their connections with enemies abroad through a "foreign consul-general in Leningrad" who advanced them 5000 rubles.

Three of the fourteen "fully admitted guilt" and described how Nikolaieff, the actual assassin, was coached in revolver practice; nine admitted membership in the group but denied implication in the plot against Kiroff; one admitted that he knew of the plot but said he did not participate; one claimed innocence but was convicted on evidence by four of the others. These fourteen were shot. These were the only executions that took place "in connection with the Kiroff assassination." Two other trials occurred which led to jail sentences. The chiefs of the Leningrad branch of the Commissariat of Home Affairs (former G. P. U.) were arrested for gross negligence and some of them, notably the head of the terrorist investigations, was given a ten-year sentence since he admitted that he had information of the plot against Kiroff and had not taken measures in time. He was also convicted of "a number of illegal acts in investigating cases." The "Moscow Center", including Zinoviev, Kamenev and others, were investigated by two successive bodies and finally imprisoned on their own admission that they "knew of the terrorist mood of the Leningrad Center and encouraged that mood". It is not claimed that they had direct connection with the assassination.

Immediately after the confessions of the "Leningrad center" were given in the Soviet press, the Latvian consul-general in

Leningrad was withdrawn by his government on demand of the Soviet government, and the Latvian ambassador in Moscow explained that "the consul's actions were undiplomatic and did not involve his government". The Soviet press stated that "behind the representative of a small power stands one of the great European powers"—an illusion to Germany since Latvia went Nazi some months ago.

Such are the facts which seem to me relevant. The interpretation is and will remain different. American liberal friends constitutionally unable to picture secret agents and border incidents, remark: "I am terribly shaken, not by the Kiroff assassination, which is common enough in this bloody age, but

by the terrible massacre which followed it." My Soviet friends, to whom the existence of a suppressed battle-line along both fronts is clearly proved for the past several years, retort with indignation: "He is sorry for those gun-running murderers and not for our beloved Kiroff."

Thus the cleavage widens between two worlds. But in the grimness of that Moscow demonstration one felt that they cared less for the effect of their acts on liberal public opinion than they cared for its possible deterrent effect on the recruiting of young adventurers for the gangs of the "Brotherhood of Truth" which have been running the border.



HOW BAD CALIFORNIA PAINTING ACTUALLY CAN BE

BY RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

THE exhibition of paintings by twenty-five or so Southern California artists at the De Young Museum ably demonstrates how bad California painting can be. How good it can be, one must have learned elsewhere. Yet such an exhibition serves a dubious purpose: it makes even second-rate painting impressive by comparison. That it should have been held in so public a museum is lamentable, particularly since what prestige is attached to exhibition in such a museum might have induced painters of more significant talent to contribute to a show of the sort one has not yet seen—one which would represent California painting selectively and at its best.

Toward such an exhibition, there is little to consider, much to reject, in the De Young collection. The most interesting pictures in the exhibition doubtless owe their origin to the celebrated and impressive "Tornado" of the Kansan painter, John Stuart Curry—"Storm Over Iowa" by Ruth Millar Fracker, and Ruth Powers' "Indiana Storm", the first one of the carefully-painted landscapes which have now an American *chic* established by Grant Wood, the other a somber portrait of an "American Gothic" house under a sullen sky. One, possibly both were it a large exhibition, might find its way into such an exhibition without affront to many, but beyond that the exhibition offers scant opportunity for one searching pictures out.

Surely the canvas Lorser Feitelson has sent, "The Cradle",—curious mixture that it is, in intention and motivation—could claim no serious consideration. It is remarkable only as a sort of period piece in the career of one more recently turned quasi-Surrealiste. Fortunately, it indicates that what Mr. Feitelson turned from was the manner of Kenneth Hayes Miller. To turn from Miller to the *Gallerie Surrealiste* is really to turn. Otherwise, competent landscapes by Tom E. Lewis and Phil Dike and an ambitious failure by Everett Gee Jackson, "Son of a Sailor", offer what interest there is—unless one considers it interesting to discover how tawdry and

cheap it is possible for some paintings to be.

But an hour or two spent in the De Young galleries need nevertheless not be lost. In other galleries are to be found a sullen and heavy self-portrait by Giorgio de Chirico, a fine canvas by Mme. Jane Berlandina surrounded by some pictures even worse than some in the Southern California show, a canvas of white carnations by William Gaw, a Speicher, a fine Georges Mithel (XIX century), two Despiau from the Spreckels collection which indicates again that Despiau is undoubtedly one of the greatest sculptors alive today, a Maillol of Renoir, and in an exhibition of drawings and paintings by Maurice Sterne, two pictures presumably earlier than the angular and recent and (paradoxically) outmoded "Oriental Asleep". "Giovannina" is in Sterne's most sensitive manner, a fine canvas indeed, which is of those which warrant Sterne's inclusion among the important painters of America.

So much for Southern California—

I consider it something of a misfortune I did not find myself in the predicament of an old lady at the Oakland painters' and sculptors' annual show in the Municipal Auditorium galleries. I kept coming upon her everywhere, studying pictures, making marks on the card one was given on which to record one's vote for the "ten best pictures" in the exhibition. She was flustered and worried, but I had no idea of what worried her until I heard her explain to her impatient escort: "Do wait. I can't decide on the ten best yet. There are fifty-three pictures here I love."

I overheard her remark just as I was wondering whether it would not be more tactful to leave my list as it was, with five or six "bests".

I have since learned that Boris Deutsch will next year be the "guest of honor" at the Oakland exhibition. It seems only just. His portrait of a negro child in this spring's exhibition was by far the most mature and satisfactory picture included. It makes certain the fact that Deutsch is a painter for whom California need make no excuses. He knows that there is a

difference between what the ladies of the 'Nineties called an "oil painting" and a work of art. His sense of spatial design is firm, his color his own, and his drawing worthy of attention. To an exhibition of California art at its best, he should be of the first to be asked to contribute.

For certain other of his pictures, particularly those shown in the San Francisco artists' collection opening the new Museum of Art, William Gaw would be of that same company. But his inclusion would not rest upon his two entrants in the Oakland show, a bouquet of roses à la Renoir and a water-front study which attempted color harmonies and a technique better left in the studio than so overpoweringly framed as they were. His pictures made more striking the excellences of Dan Lutz' Victorian old house, which achieves more than a statement of architectural peculiarity, indeed a definite mood. It was with no reluctance one included it on one's abbreviated list of "bests", and Lutz on the list of painters to be accorded respectful attention. That list included Frede Vidar's Paris landscape, a canvas by Henry Sugimoto, a still life of ducks by Harriet Whedon, a Millard Sheets. It carefully ignored the presence in the exhibition of Lucien Labaudt, Moya del Pino and Andrew Dasburg.

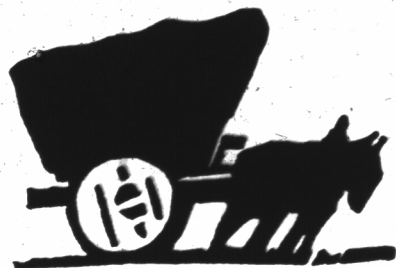
Nevertheless, I feel sorry not to have seen the list of the old lady whose love of the exhibition so vastly exceeded mine.

In Berkeley, where there are—at Haviland Hall and at the University Museum—adequate wall spaces for the showing of California painting at its best, little enough good painting is shown. Nevertheless, there have been the exhibitions of the English Club and of paintings by Chiura Obata which recall nothing more distinguished than the "oriental" backdrops of the Folies Bergeres.

The English Club exhibition is not, after all, a "serious" exhibition. John Haley, nevertheless, showed a fine painting of horses in a barnyard that shames the sentimentalities of which ordinarily he is guilty; Michael Goodman two landscapes in pastel, one of which surprised one into being reminded by gastanks of Redon's flowers, for color; water-color drawings by Howard Moise. But it remained John Haley's exhibition, just as the All Arts club exhibition at the Berkeley women's club remained David Park's. Unlike Boris Deutsch, Park would be embarrassed in New York galleries. Yet he is alive, and sensitive to aspects of contemporary art that otherwise would have no record in California. He made more apparent that Margaret Peterson, included in the same exhibition and also in the English Club show, is illustrator only. The flower piece of William Gaw's included, interesting in the collection, would dwindle into insignificance among other of his things.

As for the rest of Berkeley, Marian Simpson has been showing at the Little Gallery some water colors, particularly of the interiors of bars and hotels in Mexico, painted with humor and easy attack, bright clear color, which might possibly have been bought by some astute collector with an eye to possibilities. They were satisfactory and exceedingly cheap.

Six exhibitions convince one there is a "California art at its best". But where it is to be seen in a single exhibition, one has not yet learned.



SPRING FUGUE

Down a railroad siding in the Tehachapi,
In an empty box-car of a slow freight
Carrying cattle and a tank car of whisky to Chicago,
Ten boys, ten non-believers
In the beauty and significance of Spring
Stand in the doorway between here and there,
Waiting to go from nowhere to anywhere.

Although the hills accept serenely
Spring's flood of green and gold (never before
Such a tide of beauty upon the earth)
Although poppies and lupines sprout
Sturdy prongs of new life, the constant,
The unfailing splendor of Spring
Passes without an answering ripple in young eyes,
Without one glimmer of sad surprise for ten boys
In an empty box-car, waiting,
Between shipments of cattle and cheap whisky,
To go from nowhere to anywhere.

—WINIFRED GRAY STEWART



AN APPRECIATION OF MARIE MONTANA

BY NOEL SULLIVAN

EVEN for a music-lover like myself who for more than a quarter of a century has attended every song-recital geographically within reach, it has remained an unusual experience to hear a voice possessed of beauty and distinction. Still more rare is it to encounter an artist who has achieved a technique of tone production that allows for complete freedom of expression. To find these accompanied by musicianship, good taste and a sense of the emotional significance of song has increasingly come to be regarded as something not even to be hoped for. And the combination of these attributes in an American singer of pure Anglo-Saxon origin has, exclusive of the smallest list of exceptions, taken its place in the realm of unbelievable phenomenon.

It was, however, with just such an equipment that Marie Montana, soprano, delighted a Carmel audience at the Denny-Watrous gallery last Saturday evening, and those of this community who were not fortunate enough to be there have genuine cause for regret.

In a program of absolute chronological accuracy that included the finest examples of classic Arias, Lieder, French songs of Duparc and Debussy, modern Italian ballads, folk-tunes, compositions by Grieg, Rachmaninoff and several American writers, Miss Montana revealed to her listeners a profound awareness of the varied experiences of joy, sorrow, frustration, triumph, tenderness, rancor, yearning and religious ecstasy. She did not even fail in portraying the humorous wist-

fulness of "An American Lullaby" in which a baby whose father is a stock-broker and whose mother a bridge fiend is invited to sleep, lulled by the blasting radio and the motor cars whizzing by on the highway! . . . But most memorable to me will remain her singing of Schubert's *Nacht und Traueme*, the technical requirements of which have practically eliminated it from the repertoire of women vocalists, at least since the days of Julia Culp. Here Miss Montana demonstrated in a frame of superbly balanced sustained tone the limitless possibilities of restraint "molto pianissimo e legato". It was a recreation of the beatitude and stillness of night and starlight, and came on the program in striking contrast to the dramatic and passionate invocation of Handel's *Sommi Dei*.

The accompaniments of Margherita van Loben Sels were outstandingly beautiful, and she unstintingly put at the disposal of her co-artist all the solidity and subtle coloring that is characteristic of her musicianship.

THE THEATER

NON-UNION KILLERS

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

THERE are certain people in this country, it appears, who simply won't play the game of robbery and murder according to the rules. And because of this non-conference attitude on their part, we have what are known as "G Men" to put them in their places. "G Men" (which is the title of the film at the Warfield) are agents of the Department of Justice who run down chaps who hold up postoffices and federal reserve banks. They also occasionally do a little stool-pigeoning in the ranks of labor, as anyone knows who remembers the A. Mitchell Palmy days—but since this picture does not deal with that activity we may dismiss it with a single pointed mention.

The rules of the murder-robbery game were made and quite clearly defined by the Morgans, the Du Ponts, the Rockefellers, et al, and there seems little reason why they should not be understood and adhered to. In brief, they consist of these two points: (1.) do your robbing on a wide scale, making a large section of the public the victim of each job, and (2.) don't do your own killing, but have the militia or the police do it for you. It is plain that these rules are reasonable and that they endow the game with a certain gentlemanly dignity.

The Messrs. Capone, Dillinger, Nelson and their kind have violated both points. They have concentrated their robberies upon single institutions and their returns have been as chicken feed beside those of the big robbers they were trying so lamely to emulate. While they have been knocking over a postoffice here and there the gentlemen who run the air lines and the railroads and the shipping companies have been looting the postoffice department on a large scale by the more subtle device of putting over exorbitant contracts through political manipulation.

And while they have been machine gunning an occasional clerk or bystander their more respectable rivals at loot have been getting police departments and militia to do their homici-

ding for them with official sanction. The mistake the gangsters make is in not joining the robbers' and killers' union and making the business completely closed-shop. The Morgan-Du Pont-Rockefeller organization is a class-conscious, militant body. It gets results for its members and it deals summarily with non-union activities. Hence the G Men. They are the lads who go forth and show the Dillingers it doesn't pay to scab.

The picture doesn't offer this explanation, which its audience really should have in order better to enjoy it. But it is a highly exciting affair, full of suspense and frequently punctuated by the chatter of machine gun fire. Its hero is a lad who joins the G-service to get square with a gangster who killed his best friend.

James Cagney plays the role of the hero with the crispness that characterizes all his performances. He arouses genuine sympathy for the earnest young law-enforcer he portrays and he beards the non-union killers in their lairs in the handiest of all possible manners. Here is a picture that moves; whether you like it or not, you'll not find it boring.

Fascist? Of course, it is, but if we want to keep on going to the movies, we'd better learn to enjoy this kind; before long, I suspect, we won't be able to see anything else.

NAUGHTY MARIETTA" (Paramount), is drawing crowds because Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald sing its Victor Herbert saccharinities. The unspeakably sloppy "Sweet Mystery of Life" dominates it as a theme song, and the romantic pair—particularly Miss MacDonald—manage to achieve some of the most ridiculous faces and attitudes on record during the singing. Their voices blend well, however, and the audiences do not get very interested in the difference between what they are witnessing and a genuinely artistic musical production. I found it exceedingly tiresome—but then I always find Victor Herbert tiresome.

BOOKS

TSAR LIBERATOR

TSAR OF FREEDOM. The Life and Reign of Alexander II.

By Stephen Graham. (Yale University Press) \$3.50

(Reviewed by Alexander Kaun)

AS FAR as Romanovs go Alexander II was not distinguished. He could not boast the rectilinearity of his martinet father, Nicholas I, whose goal had been a barrack-like Russia. Nor was he endowed with the bovine rigidity and unimaginativeness of his son, Alexander III. He had none of the pedestrian piety, furtive callousness, and unscrupulous perfidy of his wretched grandson, Nicholas II. Alexander II rather resembled Alexander I, the Woodrow Wilson of the Napoleonic era. He, too, began as a Liberal, and aroused universal hopes among the credulous; and he also eventually collapsed like a toy balloon.

He was, however, distinctly superior to the "Russian" monarchs who, after the German Catherine II, presented a brood of Prussianized (in blood and in spirit) imbeciles. This he showed on his accession, in inaugurating a series of epochal reforms, chief among them the emancipation of the serfs. To

be sure, any statesman of normal intelligence could not help realizing the pressing need of those reforms at the end of the Crimean Campaign, when the bankruptcy of Russia's semi-feudal order was revealed with spectacular clarity. But that is precisely the point, that normal intelligence was not the lot of a modern Romanov. Alexander II had the perspicacity to warn his landowning nobles that "it is better to grant reforms from above than to wait till they are wrested from below".

But then, Alexander II had the essential Romanov trait of Alexander I and of Nicholas II—vacillation, change of mind, one-step-forward-two-steps-backward. The initiated reforms, which would have radically revolutionized the national life and would have justified the monarch's appellation of "Tsar Liberator", were hamstrung shortly after their inauguration. The cornerstone of the "new deal", the liberation of the serfs, had mainly psychological significance, in that the peasants were to be henceforth regarded, and regarded themselves, as human beings. Economically and socially they remained enslaved almost until 1917. One of Mr. Graham's happy bits of wisdom (alas, they are so few!) makes further comment superfluous: "America, when the Civil War was over, granted the slaves freedom on much more generous terms than Russia had done."

The rest of the story is both obvious and well-known. Dissatisfaction with the reactionary turn of the tsar's policies bred the revolutionary movement, from romantic individual terrorism to Marxian mass organization. The assassination of Alexander II in March 1881 may have been inconsequential and unscientific, but its detonation reverberated for decades, to the very shot fired at his grandson in the basement of a small Ural town, thirty seven years later.

The book, as everything written by Stephen Graham, is entertaining. It has bits of history, bits of literary and diplomatic gossip, and quantities of hero-worship and pious lachrimosity. One need not expect scholarship, accuracy, or even uniformity of outlook. Mr. Graham presents the curious case of a Briton who had lived in Russia before the Revolution, and had turned *plus russe que les Russes mêmes*. Like that other expert on Russia, Sir Bernard Pares, Mr. Graham has quaffed deeply of the heady concoction—Slavophilism. Hence his penchant for Greek Orthodoxy and idealized Tsarism. What makes his conversion so bizarre, however, is that along with his mystic Slavophilism he manages to project an imperialistic loyalty to His Britannic Majesty.

PROFESSORS DO LEARN

THE STATE IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, by Harold J. Laski. (The Viking Press) \$3

(Reviewed by Harry Conover)

TEN years ago students in Professor Laski's classes in political science at the University of London were treated with little seriousness when they argued that the State was an oppressive weapon of violence brandished by the capitalist class to serve its own interests. Unsure of themselves when confronted by such a highly-respected and learned teacher, some of the group stayed on in the academic fold to try to discover intellectually why they were wrong, others moved into the Labour Party to try to reform England by the peaceful methods their professor told them could be used. The experience of that generation of students left the broad outline

of their argument only more convincing and pertinent. It took the Russian Revolution, the 1926 General Strike in England, the rise of Fascism in Italy, Germany, Austria, the Balkans, the imperialism of Japan in Manchuria, of England in India and Kenya, of America in Nicaragua, Cuba, and the Philippines, of France in Morocco and the Orient, and the San Francisco General Strike of 1934 to make Professor Laski see that it was he, not his students, who had trusted too much to the 19th century ideas of liberal democracy and the impartial State.

This book is his brave farewell to illusion. The first portion of it is a criticism of the philosophical theories represented by Hegel and Bosanquet, who believed that the State was an expression of the rationality of man, intended for the welfare of all the community. By merely pointing to the real world, Laski effectively exposes the barrenness of these views: no greater mockery of Hegel could exist than the Hitler regime. And, as he indicates, to obey every law and edict on the theory that it is the expression of the common will is to behave as a slave.

Laski holds a very different theory of allegiance. He thinks of society as a group of human beings living and working together for the satisfaction of their economic needs, and of the state as a specially organized public power, the police and military, used by any group or class that controls the government to coerce opponents and force obedience to its decisions. In capitalist society, this class is the propertied class, those who own the instruments of production. It will forcibly repress the laboring class by turning the army upon it whenever this majority group insists that the organization of society be so altered as to allow the full use of our productive machinery. This is a demand that cannot be granted by capitalism, especially in the period of its decadence. Capitalism tolerated democracy and reformist measures in the period of its expansion; the decline in its profit rate dictates that it can do so no longer. The choice is only between the suppression of democracy and the suppression of capitalism. To believe that the ruling class will abdicate or stand peacefully by while a socialist economy is being built would be to fly in the face of all historical evidence. Laski believes humane men should owe allegiance to that society, and to the class urging it; a society where collective effort to satisfy the economic needs of individuals will be unhampered by the necessity of rendering tribute to an owning minority. To bring about such a society is a long and arduous task; to hesitate because of its immensity would be to betray our chance to "add creative dignity to the human adventure".

The State in Theory and Practice, predicting that mere piecemeal reforms alone can but run up a blind alley, is a cheering book. It is cheering to have a member of the academic world think out his problem as clearly as Professor Laski has done and then speak it straight out, especially at a time when others are hiding their confusion in mystical talk. If we are to change and improve our world we must know how and by what means it can be done.

The title of this book perhaps fails to indicate its vigor and scope. Any conservative will profit from reading it. Until he has read this book, or John Strachey's *Coming Struggle for Power*, he cannot adequately explain why the League of Nations must fail, why the army must follow the dollar abroad and shoot down strikers at home, why reason alone cannot prevail. Certainly no "liberal" can claim that title who has not met the challenge of these two books. It is true that Laski has

not gone the whole way of Strachey but identifies himself with those who call themselves "communists with a small c". Another fraction in his political science class will perhaps have to be chided as "too dogmatic" before he moves further.

A SCHOOLGIRL IN BERLIN

RESTLESS DAYS, a German girl's autobiography, by Lilo Linke. (Alfred A. Knopf) \$3

(Reviewed by Robin Howe)

LILO LINKE was a schoolgirl in Berlin at the end of the war, and *Restless Days* is a simple and moving record of the life of her bewildered generation in the revolution and the shifting world that ensued. The author, of pure Aryan stock, now lives in England in voluntary exile, having seen all she cared for in the life of her people squeezed into a bitter and vengeful mold by the Nazi victory which culminated in Hitler's achievement of the Chancellorship in January, 1933. Under the friendly and sympathetic hand of Storm Jameson she has been led to write this book and an earlier one called *Tale Without End*, an account of a trip she made through France with three German youths. She writes in English, clearly, directly, and so impersonally that one can see her plainly as she moves through her restless, puzzled, uprooted life. No one of her contemporaries was able to remain uninfluenced by German political currents, and she has undertaken to show the experience of one of them whom she considers in no way remarkable, making a simple record of her own life. It is difficult, however, to escape the conclusion that her personality was an unusually powerful one among her fellows, for her natural role was as leader wherever her lot was cast, and the achievement of such detachment of view as has been necessary in order to set down so intimate, so profoundly felt an existence, is literally startling. Her story is told in the main as an account of her relationships and their meaning, for she is one of the people whose growth results from her contacts with people.

There follows an attractive example. In 1920 she was for two months in a children's nursing home in the Riesengebirge. "I shared the room with three other girls. Anne, the eldest, a girl of sixteen, was the daughter of a Jewish scientist, carefully educated and intelligent far beyond her age. She was reserved from shyness, understanding and helpful out of a warm heart, unpretending and simple in a proud humility, not pretty, but at times beautiful by her sincere grace and the reflection of a striving soul in her expressive face. With all this she was the first human being I ever met. I lived in such abnormal times that I had seen death before I had ever seen life. Anne was the most unobtrusive person one can imagine, yet her influence on me worked like the chisel of a sculptor—it began to cut a face out of a formless mass. She allowed me to read her books—poems by Rilke and Stefan George, Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, a few modern plays and essays. Only by knowing Anne was I able to understand what I read. (In fact, all my learning never happened in a one-and-one-is-two way, but only in connection with a personal influence.) She helped me to discover that sentiments need not be sentimental, that a restless heart and spirit have to be checked by form and knowledge, and—most important of all—that respect, logic and justice are the qualities which alone are able to regulate the anarchy of man in a humane and livable way. Certainly all this was not quite clear to me at that time, and it did not change my confused and selfish

character from one day to the next. But somehow in future I knew about the existence of this truth, it directed my outlook, and I could never completely forget it."

Lilo Linke's passionate idealism took her into the group of Wandervoegel, whose healthy activity and training in discipline kept her safe through the inflation and modified her young egotism for successful community life. With her maturing capacity for organization and leadership she soon found herself among the Young Democrats, and an account of the struggles of the latter group in their battle against Hitlerism (which they came to see had been lost before they began it) fills the last half of the book. She once heard Hitler speak. "A single question as to reason or proof or possibility would have shattered the whole argument, but nobody asked it—the majority because they had begun to think with their blood, which condemns all logic, and the others because they sat amazed, despairing, and hopeless in a small boat tossed about by the foaming waves of emotional uproar which surrounded it."

CORRESPONDENCE

ARGUMENT FOR "BONUS"

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

I find Pacific Weekly interesting, educational, and seemingly progressive. It is on the latter point that I want to take issue with you. More specifically it has to do with only one phase of your criticism of the American Legion, viz: you have accused them of attempting an "organized hold-up of the United States Treasury to the detriment of thousands upon thousands of citizens who need government aid to a higher percentage of necessity than appears in the legion".

I naturally infer that you have reference to the demand of the ex-servicemen for their adjusted compensation under the misnomer "bonus".

If you should ever decide to rethink this problem there are some fundamental considerations that should be taken account of. It should only require a most casual review of this problem to convince anyone of sound mind and only average intelligence that some slick Mr. Money Bag has purposely misnamed this just remuneration of the Veterans a "bonus" in order to confuse the public and thereby avoid payment of a morally valid claim through "a perfectly legal defence". Here is what the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives said:

"The object of this legislation is to adjust the pay of Veterans of the World War in order that they may receive the difference between what they actually did get and what the lowest paid laborer in America received during the World War. Therefore, it is not a bonus. The Congressional Committee in passing on this question said it was not a bonus."

Now, for only a slight digression. I not only agree with you, but I also want to commend you from the depths of my heart for the entire balance of your fitting and proper criticism of the reactionary leaders of the Legion, but we must be very careful to distinguish between that element and the so-called rank and file, for here we find a vast difference in background, viewpoint and desires. It would be superfluous to

enumerate all these here. The rich reactionary leaders have scanned the sincere but destitute rank and file and found them clamoring for their back pay under the altogether too popular misnomer "bonus", and have found a convenience in joining in the clamour in order to get their mass support for the leaders' own much less holy aims. Only a glance at the type of legislation being advocated by these leaders and that craved for by the rank and file should indicate each group's measure of sincerity.

Since it is always good policy to avoid hasty conclusions, and I see several that are about to arise and present themselves at this juncture, I will proceed to point them out to you:

The first one is that I am advocating the Patman Bill as the very best method that can be devised for meeting this obligation—I am not. I merely wish to say that the Patman Bill has many points of merit that the Vinson Bill does not have. It is the one most favored by the American people as was reflected in the recent Congressional vote of 318 to 90. It would not increase our national debt or taxes by one penny. Since the Patman Bill would not entail an issue of bonds, the wealthy tax-exempt bondholder would be left out of the picture thereby saving the American people about two billion dollars.

The second hasty conclusion to guard against is to assume that all methods that have been devised so far or may be devised in the near future, for paying the veterans their back pay would necessarily have to be devised in such a manner as to detract from the welfare of "the thousands upon thousands of needy citizens" that you mentioned. It might even be possible that this multitude of "needy" would be indirectly but immensely benefitted by some early but sensible meeting of this just obligation. The so-called "bonus" money spent by the veterans would very likely circulate through our economic structure.

Another fallacy to guard against is to assume that only Legion members are entitled to this Adjusted Compensation. If we should succeed in dispossessing the Legion members, we automatically dispossess about three million other veterans of their backpay too.

Again I want to praise you for the way you performed a duty in exposing the reactionary leaders of the Legion; for they are the type of individual who aided and abetted Mr. Money Bag in causing all this mess in the first place. They are the type who first lost all their common sense, listened to George Creel's propaganda as they are now listening to Hearst's, assumed a sudden and queer form of patriotism, rushed out to make four-minute speeches, donned the first uniforms or sold Liberty Bonds, and yelled "slacker" as they are now yelling "red" until the entire nation was inoculated with their war-mad frenzy. They brought disaster on us once and now they are trying to do it again, it seems. When you expose them for "fomenting agitation against sincere and intelligent forces battling sincerely and intelligently for the common good; their damnable military propaganda; wasting money of their members through the staging of senseless Americanism programs that have no bearing whatsoever on the problems of the day", then my heart and my hand go out to you as a benefactor of mankind.

I want your magazine, I want my friends to read it too, but first won't you please correct this one error. We are about as rich a nation as there is on the face of the earth yet we have done about as little for our veterans as any. Even France and Germany are far ahead of us in this respect. They each have spent more than 2½% of their national income on their veterans, whereas we have spent less than 1% on ours.

Again they each have spent more than ½ of one per cent of their national wealth on their veterans, whereas we have spent less than ⅛ of one per cent on ours. Again I quote the Congressional Record:

"Foreign countries were loaned billions of dollars by the Government after the War was over. They used part of this money to pay their own veterans, adjusted compensation and bonuses amounting as high in some cases as seven thousand two hundred ninety dollars each.

"The Secretary of the Treasury refunded to the large income tax payers more than two billion dollars from 1922 to 1929, an amount sufficient to pay the balance due on the Adjusted Service Certificates in full. A large number of the beneficiaries of these gifts were war profiteers and should have been convicted of treason for dissipation and plundering of resources during the War. A large part of this money was refunded in plain violation of the law. On one refund to the U. S. Steel Corp. of fifteen billion dollars, interest alone amounted to ten million dollars and was paid. Mr. Mellon has made large refunds to himself and to his companies, granting in each case 6% interest, not from 1925, the date of the Adjusted Service Certificates, or seven years after the War, but from the year he claimed the credit should have been given. Those who are so loud in their denunciation of the proposal to pay the veterans this honest debt have been as silent as the tomb while the war profiteers were getting billions of dollars from the Treasury."

All I can say here is, "lack of money" is only an excuse, it is not a reason.

The real question is, why hasn't this obligation been met before now? The answer should not be hard to find. We find the very same moneyed interests that caused the War, now organized for the defeat of any equitable settlement of this just claim. Their organization for this purpose has a very nice innocent name. It is known as the "National Economy League". Yes, it sounds very good. BUT! . . . They work through chambers of commerce and various other organizations. They make tools of teachers, editors and leaders of veteran organizations for their nefarious purposes with their insidious propaganda. They are the ones who would have you believe that any payment of this just claim would necessarily detract from the welfare of the "needy". Yes, they are interested in the "needy"! It is their tax exempt bonds that they are interested in.

No, I am not a member of the Legion, I am not even a veteran. I am just an ordinary American, with a sense of fair play and enough love of country (I don't call it patriotism any more) to want to see it do better.

Costa Mesa, Calif.

A. W. Arnold

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IT CAME ON A POSTAL CARD FROM GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

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